THE KITE.

AN

Heroi-Comical Poem.

IN

THREE CANTO's.

Ex voto fictum Carmen sequar. HOR. de Art. Poetic.

LONDON:

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To * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
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MADAM,

AT once to ſupply the Want of *Decorations* to the following POEM, and effectually to ſcreen it from Cenſure, I beg Leave to give it into *thoſe* Hands, which have the Art of making every thing agreeable: Beſides, 'tis probable a *Lady* may be deſirous of ſeeing a Trifle, who is herſelf incapable of making one: Not but that it muſt be own'd, YOU were the Cauſe of *this*; which, if *You* deny, I call CUPID to witneſs!---And if, upon fair *Trial*, *You* ſtand convicted, *You* will be ſentenc'd to turn all the *Poems* that come out, into KITES, for the Uſe of the whole *Fraternity of Loves*.

Your *Copy-Book* ſeems to have been deſtin'd, from the very Beginning, to ſuch a *Work*; ſo valuable a *Manuſcript* ought not to be loſt in the

Secrecy

Secrecy of a Cloſet: For the *Firſt-Fruits* had a particular Honour paid 'em in all Ages, as being Sacred; and ſurely no One cou'd have ſo good a Claim to your *firſt Letters* (thoſe *Elements* of Gallantry and Wit) as the GOD *of* LOVE!

But when (as it often happens in Caſes of the greateſt Concern) the *Work* was at a Stand for want of *Materials*, that pretty Device of *Yours*, of furniſhing the BIRD with a *Tail* from the *Parliament-Houſe*, convinc'd me that every thing was in your Power, who could make even our TAXES look agreeable.

I had omitted the Character of *Huntreſs*, but that I knew it would ſatisfy the Curious, that DIAN is - - - A certain Lady in *Warwick-ſhire* - - I ſhall only ask Pardon, if thro' my Means *You* fall into the Hands of *Criticks*: You will not take it amiſs, if You meet with ill Treatment from thoſe rude *Creatures*, for *they* ſeldom ſhew due Reſpect to BEAUTIES. For my own Part, their Reflections will come too late to *One* who has had his Reward before-hand. in *Your* giving him this Opportunity of declaring publickly, how much He is,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

THE KITE.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

DIAN's *Character.* CUPID, *jealous of her growing Power, retires to her Apartment, and ſeizes the* COPY-BOOK, *by which ſhe firſt learn'd to write. A Deſcription of it. He finds the* YOUNG LADY *herſelf at her* HARPSICHORD. *The Particulars of her* SONG.

DIAN knew well to chace the tim'rous Hare,
Or thro' the Woods purſue the flying Deer;
O'er the high Mound her Courſer rag'd ſecure,
Eager, yet conſcious, of the Charge he bore:
While Health auſpicious mantled in her Face,
Glow'd on her Cheek, and heighten'd ev'ry Grace.
Or if the clam'rous Echo's of the Field,
To the gay Dance, and ſweeter Muſick yield,

Her courtly Motion ſet the Soul on Fire,
And told us all the Graces of the Lyre.
If DIAN at the *Frame*, diſplay'd her Power,
And charg'd the Needle with the future Flower,
New Life, like ſome kind *Deſtiny*, ſhe gives,
And in a nobler Loom the * *Heroe* lives:
Here ORMOND'S Duke, retir'd from Martial Cares,
The Peaceful Scarlet of a Tulip wears;
There Great EUGENE, in Azure Robes array'd,
Confeſs'd his Toils and Dangers well repaid;
Here grew, adorn'd with ev'ry ſpreading Grace,
The *Purple Honours* of the *Gay* BORLACE:
On this fair Stalk the *Gallick* Monarch ſhone,
More pow'rful on her Apron, than his Throne.

LOVE with a jealous Eye beheld the *Fair*,
Number'd her Conqueſts, and began to fear,
Watch'd ev'ry Glance that wander'd from her Eye,
And ſaw with leſs Succeſs his Arrows fly:
" But muſt that Empire I derive from Heaven,
" Be given to DIAN all! So cheaply given!
" Nations no more at my dread Altars bow!
" And theſe victorious Shafts lie uſeleſs now!
" Not ſo the *Golden Trophy* VENUS gain'd,
" 'Twas with the Ruins of a TROY ſhe reign'd,

* Alluding to particular Names given by *Floriſts*, &c.

" When

" When ſlighted JUNO, raging with Deſpair,
" Led ſternly out Her *Booted* GREEKS to War.

So griev'd the GOD; and, ſtung with Fury, fled,
Where jealous Rage, and pale Reſentment led.

SACRED to Secrecy, and ſweet Repoſe,
Roſe an Alcove, where, rang'd in artful Rows,
(By DIAN wrought) the drowzy Poppy grows;
The *Virgin* here, like *Sol*'s declining Ray,
Withdrew her Luſtre, and retir'd from Day:
Gay *Fancy*, ever waking, here retains
Her livelieſt Viſions, and her ſofteſt Scenes,
While *Slumbers* round their ſilent Station take,
And ſeal thoſe Eyes that keep the World awake:
Where Wed ding-Cake, inſpiring pleaſing Dreams,
The happy Partner of her Bed proclaims,
While *Guardian* LOVES the merry Dance begin,
And Jolly HYMEN leads the Bridegroom in.
In Caskets here unnumber'd Trophies lay,
And loaded Shelves their mimic Pomp diſplay;
Here Paper-Towns their waving Turrets ſhew,
And Foreſts from her Sciſſars taught to grow;
There the proud Ship extends its wondrous Frame,
And to the *Maid* brings home eternal Fame;
Carnations here the lingring Eye regale,
Here ever blows the Lilly of the Vale;

The laviſh Roſe here wantons all the Year,
So ſpreads its blooming Leaves, ſo bluſhes here.

HERE, to repair his Loſs, poor CUPID flies,
And darts in every Cask his reſtleſs Eyes.

BENEATH a gilded Pile of Billet-deuxs,
CUPID at length the *Marbled Quarto* views,
That taught her Words a Sable Hue to wear,
And bid 'em pleaſe the Eye, as well as Ear.
In Virgin Order the coy Letters move;
Nor modeſt know the cloſer Ties of Love;
Yet not the *Chief*, that boaſts a flouriſh'd Train,
(The rolling Beauties of a haſty Pen)
With all his gaudy Ornaments cou'd pleaſe
More than the ſimple Elegance of theſe:
Here *A*, by himſelf *A*, ſurnam'd the *Great*,
With awful Front o'erlooks the little State,
And like ÆNEAS with Majeſtic Pace,
T' *Italian Order* leads his letter'd Race;
While, next him, little *a*, with Youthful Pride,
Trips, like IÜLUS, by his Father's Side;
Here bending *c*'s diſcloſe half Orbs of Light,
Like the new Honours of the Queen of Night;
There *i*, like the *Fifth* EDWARD, ſtands diſplay'd,
His Crown for ever hanging o'er his Head:

There *o*, diſtinguiſh'd by his curious Round,
And *q*, by Children in the Corner found:
The *s*, with arched Neck, and Tail reclin'd,
And the twin *u*'s in ſacred Friendſhip joyn'd.
Each Letter thus, by diff'rent Beauties known,
In Order led the gay Succeſſion on.

TREMBLING with eager Joy, He ſnatch'd the Prize;
DIAN no more grew hateful to his Eyes:
And now in Haſte his golden Wings he ſpread,
And, all impatient, ſought the beauteous *Maid*.

FIX'D to the Lyre, he found the tuneful *Fair*,
The myſtic Numbers well deſerv'd his Ear;
She ſung, when Ghoſts approach, why Lights burn Blue;
Why Candles ſhew the future Billet-deux;
Why from the Taper roſe the Virgin-Striſe,
Why chaſteſt Breath recals it into Life;
Why the young HYLAS bids his Father run
T' obey the Summons of a watry Sun;
And why, to think, ſhou'd aid the Houſewife's Skill,
And thro' the Joint conduct the lucky Steel;
What certain Ills ſucceed, if Crickets call;
Why States, and Saltſellers together fall.

THE KITE.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

CUPID *opens his Deſign of Making the* KITE, *and offers his* Arms *to* DIAN. *The* LOVES *deſcend. The* Plan *for the* KITE *is laid out by a* Mechanical LOVE, *who begs* CUPID's Bow *of* DIAN. *They all aſſiſt in the* Work, *'till the Leaves of the* COPY-BOOK *are us'd. Here* MERCURY *ſeaſonably furniſhes them with* Acts of Parliament. *The* Tail *is finiſh'd, and the* Lanthorn *added by* DIAN. CUPID *receives it, and inſtitutes the* Game *of* Leaping over the Candle. *A ſhort* Epiſode *on this Subject.*

THE *Virgin* ceas'd; and VENUS' ſmiling *Son*
(The Volume waving in his Hand) begun.

" IF e'er I taught that Breaſt to fall, and riſe,
" And empty'd Quivers from thoſe ſparkling Eyes;
" If I, the Lover ſweetly to beguile,
" Spread o'er thoſe dimpled Cheeks that winning Smile;

" Let

" Let CUPID once his earneſt Wiſh obtain,
" Hear what he asks, nor let him ask in vain.
" Know then, fair *Maid*, from LOVE's great Sov'reign know,
" Has CUPID ought?--'Tis All Fair DIAN's now!
" The World receives thy Edicts with Applauſe,
" And LOVE's Liege Subjects hear from thee their Laws.
" Thee ſhall the *Graces*, thee the *Smiles* attend,
" And *Young Deſires* around, their airy Camp extend.
" But ſhall theſe Hands no Mark of Favour boaſt,
" Robb'd of their Arms!--My Bow, my Quiver loſt;
" Ah let the skilful Maid a FRAME prepare,
" Theſe Leaves (ſo Heav'n has doom'd) muſt riſe in Air:
" Then, born on ZEPHYRS, ſhall thy Work be ſeen,
" And diſtant Eyes adore the *Wing'd Machine*:
" CUPID well-pleas'd ſhall guide its eaſy Flight,
" And DIAN too ſhall view its wondrous Height!
" At JOVE's Command, the Royal *Eagle* flies,
" And bears his rolling Thunder thro' the Skies:
" The gaudy *Peacock* ſtruts in plumy Pride,
" And ſtalks Majeſtick by a JUNO's Side;
" And, tho' *Mamma* prefers her wanton *Dove*,
" CUPID ſhall have a better BIRD than JOVE.

THUS urg'd the Power of LOVE--Agreed--ſhe cry'd;
And reach'd the Bow and Quiver from his Side.

Now to their Poſts a thouſand Loves deſcend,
And round the *Fair* with buſy Zeal attend;
Amongſt 'em One, whom long Experience bleſt
With a *Mechanick Head* above the Reſt.
He form'd the Ruff, in good Eliza's Days;
And firſt confin'd the ſlender Waſte in Stays:
He firſt with Beauty-Spots adorn'd the Maid,
And bid her borrow Luſtre from their Shade:
He knit the Lover's-Knot, in Times of old;
And form'd the Circle of the Bridal Gold:
He on the Ear firſt hung the ſparkling Rings;
His was the Tucker, *his* the Kiſſing-Strings:
He firſt in *Canvaſs-Hoop* enclos'd the Maid;
Turn'd the round-Coif; and rais'd the ſtiffen'd-Head.
While other Loves the Paſte, or Packthread brought,
Drew out the Plan, and built the Bird in Thought:
He ſought the *Wand*, which firſt Her Grandſire bore,
Th' expreſſive Enſign of the Sheriff's Power;
This next the Infant Dian active ſtrode,
And round the Parlour fancy'd Journies rode:
(Its Mane, like Gold, in glitt'ring Tinſel ſpread,
And painted Streamers nodded o'er its Head.)
But now *Miſs* Molly, with becoming Speed,
Preſs'd with her wanton Weight the nimble *Reed*:
Artful *He* tempts the *little Fair* to ſtay,
And ſteals the long-deſcended Gift away.

His uſeful Theft the winged Band approve,
Fair DIAN ſmil'd, and thus began the LOVE.

" AH! Gen'rous Victor, ſpare one uſeleſs Toy!
" Ah! Let us once again *the Bow* enjoy!
" Thoſe Eyes *alone* can greater Miſchiefs do,
" Want not our *Skill*, and wound without our *Bow*!
" Be thine the *Turtles!* Be the *Sparrows* thine!
" And keep the *Quiver!* ---But the *Bow* reſign!
" Crown'd with its Arch, MARIA's *Horſe* ſhall riſe,
" And trail thy Labours thro' the wondring Skies!

THUS *He*: Nor ſu'd in vain; *the Maid* gave Ear,
And with a graceful Nod receiv'd his Pray'r.

AND now, diſrob'd of all its uſeleſs Pride,
Firm to the *Bow* the pliant *Reed* ſhe ty'd;
As when (ſome full, but diſtant Mark, in view)
With ſtretch'd-out Arm the PARTHIAN draws his *Yew*;
The String, declining from its cloſing Ends,
Obliquely to the Arrow's Head deſcends;
So fell the Cord, ſo ſtood the captive *Steed*,
By DIAN's Hand to riſe for nobler Flights decreed.

THE *little* LOVES, not idle by her Side,
For various Works the *Manuſcript* divide:

Thoſe o'er the Surface ſpread its Leaves, while *Theſe*
Collect the ſacred Relicts for the STAYS.
Exulting CUPID too his Tribute brings,
And waves on high the deeply-ſcollop'd Wings:
With Art divine the Fringe he gather'd round,
And with a ſilken Cord the *Taſſels* bound:
His *Bow* with *Theſe* the Power of Love adorns,
And the gay Pendants tremble from its Horns.

YET, ah! what boots his Care? what Griefs attend!
At once his Hope, his Joy, and Labour, end!
The *Volume* fails!--and ſtill unfiniſh'd lies
The *Bird* of LOVE! ſtill wants a *Tail* to riſe!

BUT while around th' imperfect Work they wait,
Or by the ſilent *Maid* all penſive ſate,
HERMES (ſo bids the Laughter-loving Dame)
Like an old *Juſtice* of the *Quorum* came.
A dark full-bottom'd Wig his Temples ſhades,
And o'er his Shoulders venerably ſpreads.
An ancient Cane his ſteady Steps did guide,
And an old Sword ſtuck ſtiffly by his Side:
With a long File of *Senate-Acts* he came,
Theſe tax'd the *Land*--and thoſe ſecur'd the *Game*:
In DIAN's ſkilful Hand he left the Prize,
And, quick as Thought, ſhot upward to the Skies.

With

With cautious Skill the ſhining Steel ſhe guides,
And in ſmall Remnants HERMES' Gift divides.
Speeches of Kings came flouriſh'd from her Hand,
And furl'd like *Heroe's* Plumes their *Edicts* ſtand.
Laws hung like Cambrick on the Wriſts of Beaux
And ANNA's *Acts* look'd like her *Furbeloes.*
Theſe nicely-gather'd, on her Lace ſhe ſtrung,
And on the BIRD Decrees of Nations hung.
Of *Proclamations* next a *Dome* ſhe frames,
Enclos'd *within*, a living Taper flames:
Thro' equal Folds its wanton Blazes play,
And wavy Rounds tranſmit the ſilver Ray.

CUPID with Reverence receives the Prize,
(A thouſand Tranſports ſparkling in his Eyes:)
" And ſhall great Actions publick Triumphs grace,
" And does thy Work (he cry'd) deſerve 'em leſs?
" When PYTHON by APOLLO's Arm lay ſlain,
" And ſtretch'd his livid Body o'er the Plain,
" Revolving Seaſons did the *Deed* proclaim,
" And ſpoke the Conqueſt in the PYTHIAN Game;
" In ev'ry Age this juſt Reward was due,
" And *Roman Games*, as *Roman Heroes*, grew:
" But ſtill to LOVE proceed no ſolemn Shows,
" No Myrtle Garland binds the Victor's Brows.

" *Hence* then ſhall the gay Youth and active Maid,
" In merry Gambols fly o'er * NANCY's Head.
" (For know, that trembling Light which glimmers there,
" Was NANCY once, a Maid like DIAN fair)
" When merry Sports the hoary Seaſon brings,
" And raiſes Hinds from *Slaves* to ſhort-liv'd *Kings*,
" When ROSE the circling Monarchy obtains,
" And dreadful Whiskers mark diſloyal Swains,
" This ſure at leaſt may NANCY's Mem'ry claim,
" And DIAN's Work demand a Winter-Evening's Game.

THUS ſpoke the GOD, then ſpread his golden Wings,
And o'er the waving *Taper* active ſprings;
Fair VENUS' Sons the great Example view,
And o'er the Light their volting *Chief* purſue.

BUT ſay, my Muſe, (ſince thou alone canſt tell,)
How NANCY liv'd, and how lamented fell!
NANCY, a Virgin of the veſtal Train,
HYMEN in Marriage ſought; but ſought in vain.
In vain he ſtrove with all his Joys to move,
And warm her marble Breaſt to nuptial Love:
The *Nymph*, regardleſs of his Pray'rs and Sighs,
From his Embraces pale and panting flies;

* This, with the following Epiſode, refers to the Riddle —— *Little White* NANCY, *&c.*

The

The GOD purſu'd; — and now had reach'd the Fair,
As thus ſhe cry'd — "O holy VESTA, hear!
"Let NANCY ſtill amid thy Maiden Choir,
"From HYMEN free, preſerve thy living Fire!
She ſaid: — and ſudden to a Taper turn'd,
And in his circling Arms, ſtill trembling, burn'd.
"Yet ſhalt thou, ſtubborn Maid, enrag'd he cry'd,
"At all my Wedding-Feaſts, attend the Bride;
"Where-ever HYMEN's call'd, thou too be there,
"A Witneſs to thoſe Joys thou wouldſt not ſhare.
Thus HE — and on his NANCY ſilent gaz'd,
As her *White Petticoat* around her blaz'd.

So great ALCIDES from the World retir'd,
And flaming, in the *Magick-Shirt*, expir'd.

THE KITE.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

One of the LOVES *is ſent to* ÆOLUS *for a proſperous* Gale *to fly the* KITE. ÆOLUS *his* Cell *deſcrib'd. The* LOVE *returns with the* Gale *to* DIAN. CUPID *gives Directions for the Flight.* JUNO's *Envy, who ſends* IRIS *to cut the String. The* KITE *is turn'd into a* STAR.

BUT CUPID now, with anxious Thoughts oppreſs'd,
Ceas'd from his Sport, and thus the LOVES addreſs'd:

" THUS far have JOVE and FATE propitious ſhone,
" Our BIRD is finiſh'd, and *One* Labour done!
" *Its* Safety is our next, our chiefeſt Care,
" While high it ſoars thro' pathleſs Fields of Air.
" To guard *It* from the Whirlwind's rapid Power,
" Or careful ſhield *It* from the treach'rous Shower:

" Will

" Will ÆOLUS, implor'd, refuſe his Aid?
" Or JOVE deny, when LOVE and DIAN plead?

SCARCE had *He* ended, but a LOVE withdrew,
And on the Wings of gen'rous Duty flew;
Nor tarry'd 'till *He* reach'd the diſtant Cells,
Where the hoarſe *Wind*'s imperious *Tyrant* dwells.
Here breath'd the *South*, that falls in genial Showers,
And gentle ZEPHYR, crown'd with vernal Flowers:
There blew the *Eaſt*, that buttons Breaſts of Beaus,
And over CHLOE's Neck the Tippet throws;
Or with the *North* in dreadful Union raves,
Whirls o'er the Main, and rolls the madding Waves.

SO (if great Things may be compar'd with ſmall,
And troubled Oceans to a Jug of Ale)
When TATTLE heats the Drink that chears her Soul,
And to her Tooth prepares the *groaning Bowl*;
Her giddy Hands the mingling Fluids ſhake,
And the white Bubbles o'er the Surface break.

UNNUMBER'D Virgins croud on ev'ry Side,
To various Puniſhments condemn'd for Pride.
BELINDA here her Pins and Powder tries,
And the dear Glaſs with fruitleſs Labour eyes:
Behind *Her* Chair the Ruffling *North* attends,
And ever diſcompoſes as *She* mends:

Raw Vapours ſteam around the cruel *Fair*,
And Winds that whiſtle nothing but Deſpair.
There AMORET cold piercing Blaſts purſue,
And ſtain her Noſe with everlaſting Blue!
Others, whoſe Hoops unwary Youths enflam'd,
Here run — *O L — d! ſo rumpled and aſham'd!*

THRO' *theſe* the LOVE (and not regardleſs) went,
As onward to the *Monarch's* Throne *He* bent.
The *Merchant* here *His* ready Aid implores,
And asks a briſker *Gale* from INDIA's Shores.
There, luckleſs *Hero*, for a Calm intreats,
While *her* LEANDER tempts the fatal *Streights*:
And *Black-ey'd* SUSAN with Impatience burns,
To know how ſoon *ſweet* WILLIAM's Ship returns.
Whilſt ÆOL 'midſt *his Guards*, in awful State,
Array'd in Furr, like RUSSIA's Sov'reign ſate:
His ſtretch'd-out Arm, diſpenſing proſp'rous Gales,
To Fame and Conqueſt ſwells BRITANNIA's Sails.

NOW all was huſh'd, and LOVE his Silence broke,
And thus the Wind-compelling King beſpoke.

" IF ever DIAN's Beauty reach'd thy Cell,
" If e'er thine Eye beheld the ſportive BELLE,
" When the fair *Huntreſs*, foremoſt of the Train,
" Grew to her Steed, and ſcower'd along the Plain:

" If

" If Æol then in conſcious Rapture ſtray'd,
" And round her Neck, in glad Confuſion, play'd;
" If then, with greedy Joy, her Lips he preſs'd,
" Rumpled her Tucker, and unveil'd her Breaſt;
" That Hand, that did ſo ſoft thy Bliſs reprove,
" Gives to thy Charge, this Day, the Bird of Love:
" Let Zephyrs then, in active Whiſpers breath,
" But ev'ry other Wind be ſtill, as Death!
" This Fan be thine, and ſuch in Love its Pow'r,
" Not Jove in all his Shapes e'er boaſted more:
" When future Paſſions ſhall thy Breaſt invade,
" Be this the Preſent to the Fav'rite *Maid*;
" *Its* Sheet unfurl'd reveals a Scene of Gold,
" And Love in Ambuſh lies in ev'ry Fold;
" Soon as her Hand *theſe painted Altars* raiſe,
" The Nymph, not vainly, with my Arrows plays;
" *This* ever ſhall new Thoughts of thee ſuggeſt,
" And bear thee to her Lips, and waft thee to her Breaſt.

Thus he — and the grim *Monarch* of the Wind,
In ſwelling Bags, a happy *Gale* confin'd;
With theſe well-fraught, the Love returns to Day,
And back to Dian wings his liquid Way.

Now with the *Bird* ſhe ſeeks the flow'ry Meads,
(Pancies and Daſies ſpring where-e'er ſhe treads;)

The *little* LOVES around, with decent Pride,
Hang on her Hoop, and triumph by her Side.

LO! 'mid the Ranks, ſuperior, CUPID moves,
And *iſſues* out his Orders to the LOVES;
To theſe he gave the *Lanthorn*, and the *Tail*,
But *trebly* charg'd 'em to ſupply the *Gale*:
A choſen Cohort from the reſt he drew,
And to their Care aſſign'd th' important *Clue*.
" Soon as the *Maid* in equal Poiſe ſuſtains,
" And on her Arm my *Bird* obliquely leans,
" You forward haſte --(*this Glove* ſhall be the Sign)
" With Judgment to contract, or give *It* Line;
" Do you with Caution from the *Tail* repair,
" But yield the *Lanthorn* with diſtinguiſh'd Care!
" Who diligent, this Day, attends my *Bird*,
" His Hand ſhall, next to CUPID's, hold the Cord.

THE *Glove* was wav'd ---The ſteady *Engine* flew,
Sprung into Air, and leſſen'd to the View;
Proudly it ſail'd, on crouding ZEPHYRS born,
And ev'ry LOVE was Pilot in his Turn;
DIAN tranſported too, beheld *It* fly,
And to the *Taper* grew her aking Eye.

BUT CUPID tim'rous ſaw *Its* Height in Air,
And thought his *Bird* too diſtant from his Care;

'Twas

'Twas he the MESSENGER decreed to ſend,
And wou'd (by Proxy) on his *Bird* attend:
What better than a *Billet-deux* may prove
The tender *Repreſentative* of LOVE?
For lo! the *Maid* a *gilded Sheet* imparts,
That breath'd unfeigned Flames, and real Darts.
Led by the *Clue*, *its* rapid Flight it ſteers,
And to the *Bird*, his airy Summons bears.

AH! What avail *its* eaſy-waving Wings?
And Length of *Tail*, that boaſts ſucceſſive *Acts of Kings*!
How frail our Span of Time! How fix'd its Date!
How ſoon the nobleſt Labours yield to Fate!
Sleep-breaking Care, gay Pleaſure, and pale Woe,
Meet in one Stream! and in one Channel flow!
Virtue but like a ſhining Vapour flies!
And when it brighteſt blazes, ſooneſt dies!

FOR JUNO now (with memorable Spight)
Saw CUPID's *Bird*, and ſicken'd at the Sight!
Her paſt Diſhonour all her Breaſt alarms,
VENUS preferr'd, and her own ſlighted Charms!
Now from her Eye a Gleam of Envy breaks,
And all the *Goddeſs* to Revenge awakes.
" Shall JUNO then, inglorious, quit the Field,
" And, unreveng'd, the Palm of Beauty yield?

" If

" If Juno's Goddess boasts superior Charms,
" Why did my Jove prefer me to his Arms?
" But, still her impious Hands detain the Prize,
" Her Pow'r encreases! And her Altars rise!
" While I to partial *Fate*, unheard, complain,
" And call for Vengeance to the Gods in vain!
" But swift thro' Æther let my Iris glide,
" And hang my keenest *Scissars* by her Side:
" For lo! where yonder glimm'ring Ray appears,
" Her *Urchin's Bird* its airy Journey steers!
" There all his Joy on *one small Thread* depends,
" *That* Cut, — at once his Hope and Empire ends!

She said: and Iris to her Charge repairs,
And reach'd the String, and clos'd the fatal Sheers!

Thrice was the baleful Raven heard to croak,
And hollow Groans from heavy Echo's broke!
Screech-Owls around the dire Event foreshew,
And Cynthia from the mournful Scene withdrew!
Night, silent, bore *It* blazing thro' the Air,
And deck'd her Mantle with the rising Star.

FINIS.